

XV Crescent Library



The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE

Newberg, Oregon



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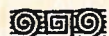
APRIL, 1904

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THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1904.

NO. 7.

Rah Ri, P. C.!

Once more old Pacific turns out a Quaker who is a "taker." The third oratorical contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association was held at Philomath in Keezel Chapel April 8. Amid the applause of the large crowd of spectators and the din of college yells from the delegations, the contesting orators took their seats on the platform. Following was the program of orations for the evening: "The 'Life Radiant,'" by Miss Alice Wicklund, O. A. C.; "A Common Foe," Ansel C. Marsters, A. C.; "The Foe of Our Civilization," Walter P. Dyke, McMinnville College; "Weighed in the Balance," Herbert F. White, Philomath College; "The American Emancipation," George Murdock, O. S. N. S.; "The Spirit of Reform," Walter R. Miles, P. C.; "The Rising Tide," Chester P. Gates, Dallas College.

This program was interspersed with a number of fine musical selections by the male and ladies' quartettes and Miss Ethel Sheak. The room was made very attractive by the lavish use of flowers, and as each speaker finished, a young lady from Philomath College came forward and presented him with a basket of beautiful flowers. While waiting for the judges' decision, the audience was entertained by several songs by the quartettes. The decision was as follows: Walter R. Miles, P. C., first; Herbert F. White, Philomath, second, and A. C. Marsters, Albany, third.

The judges on thought and composition were President Penrose of Whitman Collage, Dr. House of Portland and Dr. Thomson of Independence. Those on delivery were Rev. C. C. Green of Corvallis, H. C. Stone of Portland and

M. C. Millican of Seattle.

Mr. Miles received three straight firsts in composition and one first and two seconds in delivery. He expresses his appreciation of the friendly feeling and hospitable entertainment which he enjoyed while at Philomath. This victory makes the second in the three years of this association's existence, and the other year Pacific received second place, making a record of which to be proud.

Mr. Miles and Mr. White will represent Oregon at the interstate contest in Portland, May 27, and will doubtless give a good account of themselves.

Sunday in the Harvest Fields.

At the beginning of last summer's vacation, many of the 'young idea' who had been learning how to shoot suddenly found themselves turned loose from the confining walls of Pacific College. Several of these started out to explore this vale of tears, and in the course of their wanderings found their way to the harvest fields of Gilliam county, Oregon. Some six of them came to rest upon the ranch of Lewis Bros., and soon all their troubles of the winter months were forgotten. All the grindings over geometry propositions, the agonies of spirit over the meaning of obscure Latin verbs, the groanings and pulling of hair under the glow of the midnight lamp because orations must be in the following Monday, all these things were forgotten in the joy and freedom of the present. The pleasures of those days will never be forgotten, although some of them appear more enjoyable from a distance than at the time of their occurrence. For instance, on six mornings of the week, just as you were entering upon some new and enchanting path in the land of dreams, there came a sound—a sound which seemed to shake the foundations of the earth. You opened

your eyes expecting to see the angel Gabriel in all his glory, but you only saw the stars peacefully twinkling from the sky above and the first pink flush of dawn in the east. Then you realized that the sound you heard was only the gentle voice of the boss inviting you to 'get out' and once more take up 'the white man's burden.'

This happened on six mornings of the week. On Sunday morning all was silent. Then, indeed, was life worth the living and trouble far away from the young harvesters as they peacefully sleep through the morning hours. The sun rises and shines with a mild radiance from a cloudless sky. His beams fall upon the sleepers rolled in their blankets, scattered around the half-built strawstack and pile of newly-filled sacks, with the blue canopy of heaven arching above them. The thresher stands silent in the morning light, as though it also was resting after the week's labor. At one side are the feed wagons and header boxes, with rows of horses tied along their sides. Beyond is the most important part of the outfit, the cook wagon. From this comes the sweet savor of an Eastern Oregon breakfast. These are in the center of a circle, within which the grain has been harvested. On the edge of the circle, with its sickle still in the standing grain, we see the header; beyond, on all sides, extends the ripened wheat waving in the gentle breeze. As far as the eye can reach, there is not a tree or a house to be seen. Here is the yellow of waving grain, and there is the brown of the upturned sod awaiting next year's crop. Beyond are hills rising from the broken plain, their gray sides seamed with rock and tufted with bunchgrass. The scene is interspersed in all directions with the rocky rims of time-worn canyons, while here and there is seen the gray foliage of the sagebrush. Look to the west, across the dark, rock-broken edge of Haycreek canyon, in whose depths the shades of night are still lurking. Out over the

desolate country beyond, which seems but a labyrinth of winding canyons and a maze of broken hills rising peak upon peak, their rocky sides are touched with a golden tinge where the light falls upon them, in beautiful contrast to the deep purple of the shadows. Look beyond! There like a silver link of memory, binding the rocks and sagebrush of Gilliam county to the fertile fields and murmuring streams of Webfoot, rise the pure white sides of old Hood. One can imagine he is alone in an uninhabited world. No sound is heard except the gentle rustle of the wheat as it is stirred by the breeze; not even the note of a bird is heard upon the morning air.

All unmindful of the beauties surrounding them, our heroes sleep on. Their thoughts are far away beneath the murmuring firs of Webfoot. At last the sun shines into an upturned face, and the owner is awakened. As the young harvester becomes conscious of the present, he remembers the significant words which the cook had delivered the night before. These words cause him some alarm as he notes the height of the sun. They were to the effect that breakfast would be ready by eight o'clock and that it would be to their interest to be ready for breakfast by that time, as it would be a long time to wait till dinner. The thoughtful one makes his fears known to the others, and soon all are crawling into overalls and pulling on socks. The first ones through endeavor to make life interesting for their less enterprising companions. Shoes disappear, blankets take flying trips out over the stubble, showers of chaff come flying down the wind, but in spite of every difficulty the last shoe is soon in place. Now the horses are to be fed and watered, and then for breakfast. And what a breakfast! You may talk of the dishes set before King Edward; reporters may write three columns describing the dinner given by President Roosevelt to a German prince; students may sing the

praises of the laden tables of Canyon Hall, but give me a Sunday morning breakfast in Jess Lewis' cook wagon and a harvester's appetite with which to eat it.

TENDERFOOT, '06.

Y. M. C. A. President's Report for 1903-04.

To the Young Men's Christian Association of Pacific College, I wish to present this report. As my year of association work will close at this time, it would be well for us to review and bear in mind the object and aim this association has had.

There has been no great event, no great revival and upheaval of sentiment in our year's progress to look back to. Yet God's plan has been working out in its own quiet way. He has been with us and has given us many rich blessings. It is indeed most wonderful, and still more precious, that we do have such a great and infinite God to place our trust and our confidence in. It is because of our faith in Him that we have here today an association of young men, although small, yet the ties of friendship have grown, I believe, as strong as the oak. Where in fellowship we have lived during our college life, may we have learned to live in fellowship with God the rest of our lives. It has been the object of this association to lead men to Christ and to promote them to higher standards of living. Our association has not been what we would have it, but it is as we have made it. A stronger association has been our aim; so let us begin anew in our efforts to bring men to Christ as a new year of work opens before us. What is more helpful to a young man in college than this association? If he is the being that he ought to be, it will give him a moral vigor, a spiritual activity and a beautiful character. This is the standard of the Young Men's Christian Association— a standard of liv-

ing that makes a manly man out of a foolish boy.

Our association has at this time over thirty members, and without any Bible study classes, we have turned all our efforts in the direction of religious meetings. We have held meetings on every Wednesday evening of each term of school, and for part of the year on Sunday afternoon. These meetings were for every young man in school.

I wish to extend to the religious meeting committee my gratitude for their faithfulness in performing their work. Good leaders were found for both joint and separate meetings, and these were made as interesting as possible. Five members have been received into our association whose conversions have taken place indirectly as a result of our work. Our subscription of \$38 was successfully raised and \$15 has been pledged for next year. Two socials were given by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A., one at the close of last year's school and the other at the opening of this year. They were for the students especially.

Six delegates represented our association at Forest Grove, December 5 and 6, 1903, and many helpful suggestions were received. Our association had one delegate at Gearhart Park May 29, 1903, and I wish again to extend my deepest gratitude to those who co-operated in sending me there. I also wish to thank the cabinet for their great help to me and for their earnest prayers for the young men of Pacific College.

Now we will turn the work over to new officers, and may the rich blessings of God be always with them and the association. I thank you all for your kindness to me and wish you all "God speed."

AUBREY KRAMIEN, President, '04.

THE CRESCENT.

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About fifty exchanges now come to our exchange table. Every student should become acquainted with the college life of other institutions by reading what other colleges are doing in literary, athletic, Christian association and social lines of work.

The new staff greets the patrons of the Crescent with the earnest desire that they may give to us the hearty support which they have given to the former staff. We propose to do our best to keep the standard of the paper up to the highest possible position, and without the support of the students this is impossible. Students, this is your paper and is just what you make it. We want your hearty co-operation in our work and must have it, or the paper will fail to come up to the standard that we hope for.

The season for track athletics has come again and with it the old question, "What kind of a track team will we have?" This question has already been raised, and the answer is sure to be what the boys make it. If, as has been

the case before, they take no interest in the work of the team, and if but few go into the work in earnest, we can not hope for a very good team. On the other hand, if every fellow appoints himself a committee of one to see that he trains for all he is worth, the prospects are favorable for a good team this year. In fact, it rests entirely with the fellows what kind of a team we put out this year. We have the material for a good team, but that is not all. We must have training; and the question is, Will we have it? "Boys, it's up to you!"

Spring is here. Flowers are blooming on every side. The meadows are clothed in their brightest robes. The sun shines with a gentle radiance from the azure sky. The songs of birds fill the air and joy fills every heart. But underneath all this beauty and joy there is great activity. This is Nature's busiest season. Old Earth is preparing herself for the more serious part of the year—for the time of harvests. These must be ripened by the glaring sun and amid the dusty leaves and seared meadows of summer. How like our college years are the months of spring. Now our lives are flooded with the soft sunshine of youth. All the world is in harmony and joy surrounds us. Cares are few and fleeting. The flowers of friendship blossom on every side. In fact, a small college is a little community of friends, from which the cold world is shut out. But this, too, is a time of preparation. A few days, and we must leave the sheltering walls of our alma mater and take our places in the fierce struggle of life. This will develop the seeds which we are planting in our hearts and minds today, and cause them to bloom into the beauty and strength of a well developed manhood and womanhood.

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**McMinnville Wins the Championship in the De-
 bating League.**

The final debate for this year in the C. D. L. O. was held at McMinnville, April 15, between McMinnville College and Monmouth. The annual business meeting of the league was held at the same place on the same date. The officers elected for the following year are: President, O. M. Hickey, Albany; vice president, Graves Crowley, Monmouth; secretary, Ed. Dodson, McMinnville; treasurer, Lewis Saunders, P. C. A motion was carried providing that a pennant, prepared by the winning team of the final debate each year, be declared the official pennant recognizing the championship.

The question for the league debates this year was: "Resolved, That, taken as a whole, the institutions of which the Standard Oil Company and the U. S. Steel Corporation are types, are economic evils in the United States." In the preliminary debate between McMinnville and Albany, McMinnville won, supporting the negative. Monmouth won over P. C. by default, it being impossible to have the debate. McMinnville and Monmouth met in the final debate on April 15, McMinnville still debating the negative. The McMinnville speakers had thoroughly prepared and had their

material well in hand. They were all experienced men in public debating. In this respect they had much the advantage. Two of Monmouth's men were new in the work.

McMinnville won, winning the decisions of all the judges. The judges were Prof. J. R. Wilson and Attorney Bert E. Haney of Portland and Principal Bates of Forest Grove. A very pleasant banquet, such as McMinnville can give, awaited the debaters, visitors, a number of the McMinnville students and the faculty. A number of toasts were responded to. The social occasion made a very fitting and pleasant close to the year's work of the league.

CALVIN BLAIR, '04.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

It is with praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father that we review the past year's work of our association. He has indeed blessed us wonderfully.

There are only four girls in college who do not belong to the Y. W. C. A., and most of the members are active members. The spiritual life of many of the Christian girls has grown much deeper. Thirty girls were enrolled in Bible study classes and fifteen in the Mission study class. We gave fifteen dollars to help support a secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Tokio, Japan. The entire budget during the past year has been \$59.78. We have held two socials in connection with the Y. M. C. A. and two for the girls alone. Twenty-four girls have joined our association this year. We had one delegate at the summer conference at Capitola, California, and eight delegates at the state convention at Albany in November.

Our traveling secretary, Miss Louisa F. Shields, has given us three very helpful visits, and the last time she was with us three days.

The Christian fellowship of the girls has been a source of inspiration to us all.

I think the greatest needs of our association are more systematic daily Bible study among the Christian girls and more personal work. These will both take a great deal of time, but they will richly repay.

I pray that God may give His very choicest blessing to the Young Women's Christian Association of Pacific College, and that it may prove a greater power for Him during the coming year than it has ever been before.

ELIZABETH KIRK, '04.

An Excellent Lecture.

At the college chapel, April 14, Joseph Koshaba, the distinguished Persian lecturer, gave one of the most entertaining and instructive lectures that Newberg has heard for a long time. Mr. Koshaba appeared in his native costume, with the explanation that they were the garments in which he was to have been married.

The address began by his giving a few personal reminiscences. He was kept in his cradle until seven years old and was then sent to school. Graduating from one of Persia's best colleges when sixteen, he took a position as school teacher and preacher. It was his duty to preach four times per week, and for both the teaching and preaching he received four dollars per month. He met a missionary from America, who encouraged him to take a medical course in the United States. When he landed in New York nine years ago all the English words that he knew were "bread," "water" and "milk," so for several days he lived on this wholesome diet. After many varied and amusing experiences, he arrived at McAllister College in Minnesota. At this place he studied for five years. Then he took a three

years' medical course and is now preparing to go back to his native land as a medical missionary.

Mr. Koshaba spoke of Persia, its government, customs, religions and the courtship and marriage of the Persian people. He said: "The Persia of today is not the Persia of the past." Superstition and ignorance reign over its 628,000 miles of area and its 10,000,000 of people. The land is all in the hands of wealthy landlords. Persia is one thousand years behind America, because of its system of tyrannical government, its total lack of free education, its false religions and the degradation of the women.

The Mohammedan call to prayer, their manner of praying, the specimen of writing, the vivid description of a Persian marriage ceremony and the song were all very interesting. In fact, there was nothing dry or tiresome in the lecture from first to last. And we are very sorry for those who did not hear Joseph Koshaba.

W. R. MILES, '06.

Baseball.

On the evening of the 14th the public school team came over to the campus for a game of baseball. They had been practicing for some time and expected to put up a hard game. The college boys, on the other hand, had not practiced at all, so were not in first class form. On account of darkness the game was called at the end of the fifth inning.

The line-up follows:

Public School.	College.
Parker.....c.....	Blair
Eldridge.....p.....	Hutchens
Vantress.....ss.....	Newman
Wassam.....1b.....	Comer
Patterson.....2b.....	Maris
Gabel.....	Pemberton
Vantress.....3b.....	Hutchens
Eldridge.....lf.....	Newman
Cooper.....cf.....	Coulson
Hollingsworth.....rf.....	Johnson
McDonald.....	Cahill
	R. Pemberton

Officials—Parrott, R. W. Jones.

The score at the end of the fifth inning stood: College, 22; Public School, 9.

Local and Personal.

V-i-c-t-o-r-y!

P. C. is again on the top round.

It is now time to begin learning how to run.

"Look out! Take care! Beware! Beware!
Spring fever germs float in the air."

Orville Johnson spent the vacation with his parents in Portland.

We are glad to welcome the last smallpox victim, Mabelle Gardner, back into school.

The enrollment of students for the spring term is much larger than has been for a number of years past.

Wonder why it makes any difference to a certain Junior girl whether the professors have mustaches or not?

Boys! you are wanted on the track for five or six days every week to train for the meet with McMinnville April 30.

Mr. Skidmore, of Willamette University, was here lately trying to get some of our young men signed up to canvass for views this summer.

Exams are over ouce more, and those who are not satisfied with grades will have to be content. It seems as if those who received a whole sea (C) ought to be content.

Rev. F. C. Stanard was evidently moved by the spirit to lead chapel on April 14. He took for his subject, "Obstacles." Well, he bit the nail on the head all right.

Charley Morris and Aubrey Kramien took advantage of the short vacation to visit their homesteads. We understand that they each built a little log cabin. Looks rather; well, rather —!

Chapel opened on April 10 with "Three cheers for our orator, Walter R. Miles." These were followed by inter-

esting talks on "The Man Who Wins," by Walter Woodward, and "How It Was Done," by Walter R. Miles.

At a recent meeting of the Y. W. C. A. the following officers were elected for the next year: President, Bernice Woodward, '05; vice president, Nellie Paulsen, '06; secretary, Lillian Nicholson, '06; treasurer, Mary Minthorn, '06.

The Y. M. C. A. has just closed a successful year's work and the new officers have been installed. They are: President, Walter R. Miles, '06; vice president, Worth Coulson, '05; secretary, Perry Macy, '07; treasurer, Shurl Pearson, '07.

Public school song. Tune, "I Can't Change It:"

"It was a great surprise to me—
We're beaten so badly by old P. C.
But we can't change it, and there's no more use to try;
We may be able to beat them in the sweet by and bye."

Exchanges.

Teacher—"Who was Pan?"

Bright Pupil—"God of dishes."—Ex.

The Index, edited at the high school in Topeka, Indiana, is a wide-awake high school paper.

Professor—"Can you tell me what the Goddess of Io died of?"

Student—"I am not sure, but I think Iodide of Potassium."—Ex.

In the debate on the womans' suffrage question, Whitman College, at Walla Walla, won from the University of Idaho. One of the debaters on the winning team has been victor of eight successive debates.

Washington and Oregon have both signified their intention to send no team to the big athletic meet at Walla

Walla this year. As other colleges are taking but half-hearted interest in the event, it looks as if the Northwest Intercollegiate Athletic Association will die young.—Weekly Index, Pacific University.

College Boy (to his dad):

Roses are red; violets blue.

Send me a fiver p. d. q.

Father (to son):

Roses are red; carnations pink.

I'll send you a fiver, I don't think.—Ex.

W. H. HESS.

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